

The COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XXXV February 20, 1942 NUMBER 18

THE WEEK	427
MESSAGE TO LATIN AMERICANS	
<i>Clarence Finlayson</i>	430
FROZEN FRESHNESS	432
<i>Ross L. Holman</i>	
THE FOURTEENTH STATION	434
<i>Mary Eakin</i>	
COMMUNICATIONS	434
THE STAGE	436
<i>David Burnham</i>	
THE SCREEN	437
<i>Philip T. Hartung</i>	
BOOKS OF THE WEEK	438
<i>From the Land of Silent People—William M. Evarts—Northbridge Rectory—Dragon Seed—Along These Streets—Twelve Decisive Battles of the Mind—America's First Crusade—Saints at Prayer—Briefers.</i>	
IN THE GROOVE	443
<i>C. J. Balliett, Jr.</i>	
THE INNER FORUM	446

THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman.

Commonweal Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York
Annual Subscription: U. S. and Canada, \$5.00; Foreign, \$6.00

Editors: PHILIP BURNHAM, EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.

HARRY LORIN BINSSE, Managing Editor; MICHAEL WILLIAMS,
Special Editor; C. G. PAULDING, Literary Editor; JOHN BRUBAKER,
Advertising Manager.

The "Native" Peoples and the War

IN THE DISTURBINGLY dispersed war America is now fighting, a simple list of some of the areas of interest brings out forcibly one of the great historical elements of the struggle. Spanish, French and Italian North Africa; Egypt; Palestine, Syria, Iraq and the Arabian Middle East; Iran; India and Burma; Malaya; the Dutch East Indies; the Philippines—in all these areas Europeans, with select "natives," form a governing élite over peoples of different root cultures and environment. We don't know much of what is happening in any of these places. We don't know because we have never been, broadly speaking, in very intimate relation with the underlying populations, and because news from these areas is governed by censorship.

In Spanish North Africa, there are anti-British disorders. French North Africa is suspect, accused of giving transport and communication to the enemy. Italian North Africa comes and goes, but the news we get, at least, reassures us vaguely that the populace prefers the allied to the axis side: there, alone of these places, an axis country was ruler before the war. In Egypt, a cooperating cabinet has given place to a highly nationalistic one under the Wafd party which we are told is more friendly to the axis than the previous one, and even "dangerous." A report comes that the Moslem Mufti of Jerusalem is meeting in Rome with axis leaders and the expelled former premier of Iraq. England was forced to take over by

military force the control of Iraq and Syria. Into Iran the English and Russians had to march in battle array. The overwhelming potential power of India, the great and mature empire, has not prevented disaster to the English and to us and perhaps, if it goes on, to India, in the Far East. The premier of Burma has been put in jail as a "traitor" and a man trying to deal with the enemy. Malaya furnished no apparent native obstacles to the Japanese, but rather, they say, native guides. The French régime in Indo-China, alas, broke completely before the pressure of Japan and the axis. The strength and cohesion of the Netherlands régime in the Indies is not yet thoroughly tested, and our papers give us hope that there the Europeans may find strength in the peoples; but so far, the Japanese have taken what they have gone after, including Amboina, the second greatest base. In the Philippines, tardily, as Krock in the *New York Times* points out, our government recognizes that Aguinaldo, one of the principal leaders of the Philippine people, and the second most famous, has set himself up under the Japanese and is trying to win over the Filipinos.

We do know that the resistance of MacArthur and his forces has been heroic and long-lasting. We don't know how much that is the work of American soldiers and how much of the Filipinos. We haven't been told the numbers engaged on either side. In the February 10 papers, a general in Bataan is quoted as saying that "with 40,000 trained troops" MacArthur could drive the Japanese into the sea. We know almost nothing about the disposition of the residents in the Philippine archipelago outside Bataan peninsula. But America can be proud that the Filipinos have done as much as they have, and must lament that there are not gathered together the needed meagre 40,000, and that other parts of the eastern empires of the allied nations are not yet joining as strongly in the fight against the enemies. It is notable that the Philippine Commonwealth was already largely independent before the war, and that it was in the course of achieving sovereignty.

It is troubling how reluctant the allied nations are to meet the reality of the unrest among the millions of people in the world governed, in different degrees, in different fashions, in the empires of European nations. Is there no resolve the United States can take to deal better with all these peoples of the world, to make up for long delayed progress in the colonial systems, to hasten the recognition of equal justice and status for the different parts of the world and its races? Conquest by the axis is hardly calculated to benefit the colonial peoples; their lot would most likely be terribly worse. But resentment and delayed justice infect our front with a weakness which makes that conquest far more difficult to prevent than we would like it to be. The argument that the crisis has rendered impossible any important reform

[427]

during recent years may be a completely false one. Just as likely, a dramatic and radical reform in the relations of the allied powers to their empires and commonwealths and spheres of influence would prove to be a powerful military coup. It might give the hundreds of millions of colonial and semi-colonial peoples in our home lands as well as in our foreign domains both a greater stake in the system we are supporting and, by removing grievances, a clearer vision of the character of the axis system which would take over if the others won. The need for greater definition of war aims is acute over the whole range of world interests, and nowhere more pressing than in the sphere of colony and empire.

Pan American Status

THE DECLARATIONS adopted at Rio by all twenty-one American republics dealt with the widest range of political and economic subjects. Both Chile and Argentina voted for the resolution "recommending" that all the republics break off relations with the axis, although they refused to accept a declaration whereby all the American nations would have made the break simultaneously. The Chilean election which followed the conference returned the anti-axis candidate to the presidency. Chile has already approved Rio agreements on currency stabilization and economic collaboration. Foreign Minister Rossetti has assured the United States that we can count on Chile's support and that the break with the axis and all declarations adopted at Rio will be submitted for action to the Chilean Congress in late February or early March. One point at issue appears to be the vulnerability of Chile's long coastline; her ports and power-lines of important copper and nitrate industries lie within range of surface raiders.

Argentina, the chief opposition to US diplomacy at the conference, continues her opposition. The Argentine people are strongly opposed to getting into the war despite their democratic sympathies. Elections to the Chamber of Deputies next month may disclose such a popular reaction against the present administration that Argentina, too, may implement the general anti-axis resolutions by breaking off diplomatic, financial and commercial relations with the axis on her own account. This hardly seems likely despite the opinion of business men that economic dependence on the US at present can be counted on to bring about considerable collaboration with us in these matters. It is reported that Argentina is doubling the size of her army (to 95,000 men) and guarding the vital Straits of Magellan.

All sorts of special difficulties attend the working out of the forty-one "conclusions" approved at Rio, and the gap between declaration and realization is a broad one. Among the most important

immediate results of the Rio conferences, however, is the end of diplomatic immunity for axis agents in nineteen of the Americas, since they have broken off diplomatic relations with Germany, Italy and Japan. Sixteen of the American nations have abrogated all tariff barriers that would impede hemisphere defense. Committees have been formed to combat subversive activities, to establish a currency stabilization fund, to co-ordinate inter-American shipping and develop Latin-American production of strategic war materials. A number of important steps furthering anti-axis war efforts have already been taken.

What remains largely in the field of prospect is the long-range program for both war and peace times. In this area may be mentioned the building up of a stable inter-American economy—with the development of both raw material and finished goods production—the consequent raising of the standard of living throughout Latin America, the improvement of transportation particularly to and from the most productive areas and a continental program for improved public health. Lasting Pan Americanism must develop along these and along cultural lines. It is hopeful to hear some of the major steps talked of in the realistic terms of three years, five years and ten years. In this day and age Pan Americanism will not mean very much even temporarily in our war effort unless it is built to stay.

Tragic Pranks

NOTHING is easier or more common than criticism of youth. Yet one doubts whether children of twenty years ago—and more—had quite as much scope for dangerous irresponsibility as do the children of today. For one thing the motor car was still something of a novelty, and something quite a lot scarcer than it has been lately. The result was that adolescents drove cars, but hardly ever owned them, and what driving they did was likely to be under the watchful eye of an adult. It was also the fashion for parents to know more about what their children were up to, a vigilance which served as some check on natural deviltry, even though the urge thereto was certainly as highly developed then as it is now.

These reflections are prompted by newspaper accounts of goings-on in the New York suburbs—goings-on probably duplicated in the suburbs of most great American cities, but in the nature of things considered as "local" by the press and therefore not nationally reported. Montclair, N. J., offers perhaps the most shocking recent incident, in which a retarded youth of twenty-one was found guilty of manslaughter in the killing of a fourteen-year-old girl. Four young people had been spending a long afternoon and evening "necking," and timing each other to see how long they could stretch out their osculations. Finally

the older youth in the case threatened the victim with what the papers described as a "sawed-off .22 rifle." She was "snuggling" up to another young man scarcely older than herself. The threats were unavailing, whether they were prompted by jealousy (as alleged by the prosecution) or by a misplaced sense of fun (as alleged by the defense). The gun went off and the victim died. Rumors report that "kissing games" are an approved indoor sport for children and adolescents in those parts. . . .

Almost at the same time New Rochelle, N. Y., was the scene of an automobile accident in which four boys were killed at 3.30 a.m. after a bout of drinking at a bar and grill, and it is reported from this thriving suburb that a popular game among its younger set is "wrinkle fender," a modern version of the ancient game of tag in which the tagging is done with automobiles. A school survey in the same community showed that 57 percent of its high school population had been involved in automobile accidents and that 28 percent of its adolescent drivers got along without either licenses or learners' permits. . . .

Such things are not, of course, characteristic of all our youth; most American young people have not the means or the time to indulge their leisure hours with automobiles or rifles. Nor was that youthful urge to action which occasions them absent from our childhood lives, nor from the lives of any children anywhere. Saint Augustine freely confesses the joys of stolen fruit, and rough athletic sports are an immemorial outlet for this profoundly natural desire to do daring and dangerous things. The point is rather that in these specimen bits of news one detects a tendency for parental restraint to vanish, or at least be so diminished as to be virtually absent. One understands a little better how it can happen, by some sort of law of compensation, that a responsible government official, J. J. McEntee, Director of the CCC, can seriously urge "that the nation would reap rich dividends if all youths in the 17 and 18 year brackets were afforded the opportunity of spending six or more months in properly regulated and operated outdoor work camps where they could build up their physiques and learn how to work." For today delinquency as never before is a national problem, cutting across lines of economic class. If parents will not assume their proper responsibilities, the state inevitably must intervene, however deeply we may dislike the process.

Prayer in Wartime

PRAYER is a respectably entrenched human function, and God has been doing business at the same stand for a long time. It is therefore a commentary on that human race to which most of us admit we belong that the concept of God

as benign justice, and the discovery of some at least of the many uses of prayer, should be renewed in so many cases with an air of surprise every time a major disaster like war strikes. Let it be set down at once that this is written with no supercilious intent. In whatever posture of circumstance, and for however brief a moment, men turn honestly to God, there is to that extent an absolute gain; a seed is sown beyond question, whose harvest God Himself will bring in at the time He chooses. But it were to be desired that we all should study the lesson so plainly written in this recurrent phenomenon. Granting, as we must, that God hears every true prayer and answers it with the full operation of Perfect Love informed by Perfect Wisdom, how imperfect the wisdom, how scant the love we show, whether for Divine Perfection or only for ourselves, in confining our prayers to periods of calamity! This applies in due measure to every separate soul, of course; from the beginning of time men have tended to become lax spiritually under material prosperity. But it applies doubly to nations, especially in the present; for nowadays national worship, in the sense of a steady common consciousness of God, has almost died out even in those places where it has not been stamped out.

One can make a collection of spiritual episodes from the war today which prompt thought on this theme. In every nation of Christian history involved, there has been some public acknowledgment of the Deity. It is easy to say that this is consonant at least with the general sentiment in nations like ourselves and England; easy to feel that in the face of deliberately adopted policy in Russia and Germany, any gesture Godward must be merely a shift in politic method aimed at mass persuasion. The Holy See has analyzed that deliberate policy, and shown the depth of its enmity to Christianity. But the Holy See pre-eminently would not discourage or dismiss any positive move, any hint of recognition or return. And for ourselves, we had better beware of judging such. Aside from the spiritual danger, there remains the external fact that there is a vast margin between the intent of him who prays and the archetypal intent of prayer, a margin which may be filled by the mercy of God; that mercy which sometimes, indeed, confounds the suppliant with divine cunning. It were better that the nations had not stopped calling on God; but it is better to remember to call on Him tardily, perhaps even with mixed and tortured motives, than not to remember at all. Beyond this time of peril and chaos lies an ambiguous future. It will never be brought into line with justice and decency without God's being taken heavily into account. Prayer will have to hold important place in our equipment, and who of us can say that any prayer uttered anywhere now is not a remote preparation?

Message to Latin Americans

A Chilean appeals to his compatriots and neighbors for inter-American collaboration.

By Clarence Finlayson

THE RIO CONFERENCE opened new perspectives for the future of Pan Americanism. Nevertheless, it is still necessary to create the *mística* for this splendid movement, which has now become a reality. Its economic bases will soon be established on the most solid foundations. For a long time the economics of Pan Americanism left much to be desired; today they have reached a point where a footing of equality permits the closest collaboration between the countries of the Americas. We must not forget, however, that in addition to commercial there are also political and social relations involved. In this article I intend to sketch some thoughts on this problem.

(1) The principal political foundation that today links the Latin Americans to the United States, and makes of all the Americas a united, harmonious continent, tending in a common direction, is the concept of democracy. Democracy, as created in the modern world by the Anglo-Saxon peoples—with important contributions on the part of the French people—is primarily an American reality. The United States is the first great republic to appear in history since the Roman Republic. That alone is enough to warrant for the United States the admiration of the whole world. It is also true that the peoples of the world have pointed to the United States as a model of democracy par excellence. *Latin America*, in spite of its uprisings and disturbances, likewise looks upon democracy as its political ideal. As proof of this there are the examples of Uruguay, Chile, Argentina, Colombia, etc., where political life has progressed most rapidly along this road to maturity.

Therefore there is a fundamental factor that binds us of South America to the United States—it is a model for republican and civic life, and it is *democracy*. Totalitarian ideas have always been utterly repellent to our Latin American people. It is tradition, the past which, reinforcing this attitude, points out to us today our future path, and it is that past which has led us toward close collaboration with the United States.

(2) Every political concept embodies a conception of life. The words "liberty," "democracy," "human dignity," etc., are not merely words. Although they have not often perfectly crystallized in actuality, they express a mental approach,

a reflection of the course of history, that enable us to progress with great strides along the pathways of humanism. Not so with totalitarianism, whether it be of the Russian or German type, communist or nazi. Fascism, as Maritain, grasping its real significance, has so admirably said, is intrinsically evil. That materialism so potently manifest in the nineteenth century, and above all in the twentieth, due to the fantastic development of the machine and of industry, succeeded in certain countries in making dogmas of ideas of a purely temporal character. The same is true of the totalitarianisms. These mark the ultimate development of Machiavellianism simply because the existence of a particular state, of a people or a race, has been brought forward as the supreme reason for the march of history, and any means or weapons which serve that end are good in the eyes of those attached to these ideologies. The history of the Italy of Mussolini, of the Germany of Hitler, is the classic type that marks the full development of those ideas which were formulated during the Renaissance by the writings of Machiavelli. Both nazi and fascist cultures—which are not true cultures—are opposed to the vision of the universe, of man and of God, opposed to the universality required by being and by life. They go counter to the spiritual interests of humanity. As Thomas Mann acutely says, nazi culture is a threat to the culture of Europe, which continues to be a product of the Roman and Christian spirit.

(3) Now the war has thrown into bold relief the importance of transcendental values, which are now in the gravest peril. Faced with the importance of these values, no economic plans or national considerations can make us hesitate for an instant. Therefore the Latin American countries must forget the petty resentments that formerly separated them from the United States. Today there is in this land good will toward our Spanish countries. I wish to say this as a Catholic and a South American. The "good will" policy inaugurated by President Roosevelt marked the most important step ever taken by any president of the United States. And the proof is that that policy has won out and continues to bear fruit. For that reason alone it would be necessary in our history of mutual relations to establish a pedestal

of honor for President Roosevelt. In this matter he has attained far greater stature than his predecessors.

(4) The Rio conference achieved results which cannot be dismissed. Those who view things superficially have believed that the moral unity of the Americas was not very solid. Nothing could be more false. The Chile-Argentina temporary delay in taking part in the common action with the other American countries is due entirely to internal conditions that must be faced squarely and studied. Both Chile and Argentina have special situations in internal politics which require the action of their governments to be deliberate rather than precipitate. Chile has just elected a new president. During the Rio session it was waiting to settle its internal affairs. Doubtless it will now come out decisively for the closest collaboration with the United States. We must have no illusions. Passive neutrality is an error in the moral order and it is also an error in the practical order, especially when that neutrality relates to countries that are directly engaged in aggression which is a definite policy and has been built up into a system. That is the case with the nations of the axis. Countries such as Chile and Argentina cannot and must not doubt for an instant that even if they are neutral—on the contrary because they are neutral—they would be immediately attacked by the Japanese or German forces if those forces considered such attack and invasion advantageous for a later attack upon the United States. Being neutral would deprive them of the total, whole-hearted support of the United States. In order to secure this, our position (I speak as a Chilean citizen) must be defined as soon as possible. No protocol, no meetings and lengthy deliberations, but action, concrete realities, deeds! Our future is to stand sincerely at the side of the United States of America. The United States is the only nation that can and must defend us and will undoubtedly do so because her interests run parallel with the interest of the whole American continent.

(5) Upon the initiative of the United States certain points were raised to which I wish to call attention. In the first place the program of common defense signifies a new economic orientation and program. And its consequences are of enormous import for the destiny of a united and greater America.

The first of these points deals with the tariff barriers that restrict, stifle and inhibit our free trade. Basically they all rest on an artificial position. If Latin America had followed the example of the United States on that point the results would have been tremendous. On the contrary, we have been impoverished by the commercial and economic barriers that have divided us. By the free trade now proposed by the United States there is

undertaken once for all an initiative that will enable us to escape unharmed from our impasse, and resolve the greater part of our economic problems. The United States with its vast industrial power ought to devote itself to the well-being of the American peoples in order to raise their standard of living, to speed up and increase their economic production and to make of all the Americas a continent which is economically self-sufficient. The future policy of the United States must be oriented in this direction: it must not confine itself only to mineral or agricultural exploitation, but go to the Latin American countries to set up factories and industrial plants. We have a vast store of raw materials, the greatest reserve of materials in the world. The United States—we need its help—setting out on a program of mutual exploitation and industrialization in our lands would actualize the greatest economic vision of the centuries.

The second point has to do with a common international currency. That would make for a stability that would increase business and confidence. It is distressing to observe in this connection the tremendous fluctuation of the currencies of the Latin American nations. As long as there is this condition the desideratum of the business world will have to be relegated to the more remote future.

Here I make bold to suggest that the existence of a Pan American bank situated in Washington would complete the realization of this unity. It was the plan proposed some time ago by the Chilean, Carlos Dávila, one of the most far-seeing men in the Latin American world of today.

The other points proposed have little significance without the development of the primary ones just mentioned. Emergency defense work, the transport of ships that will serve as auxiliaries for the United States fleet, etc., are only the necessary consequences of the adoption of those primary points and the decision to break with the axis.

(6) Pan Americanism is a reality. I defend it as such. It is a reality that has a profound reason for existence. Political, social and economic factors all point in the same direction. All who were born in America are obliged today more than ever before to take responsibility for the fate of the world. The civilization and culture of Europe have taken refuge in America in order to survive the modern barbarism of nazism. Pan Americanism has a *mística*. And it must not be forgotten in Washington as in Buenos Aires, Santiago de Chile or Rio de Janeiro, Lima and Mexico, etc., that it is necessary, absolutely necessary, to intensify our efforts to create or forward that *mística*. Without such a common idea nothing of consequence will be accomplished. And our peoples—the Latin American peoples especially—are profoundly

moved by sentiments animated by a higher ideal. Washington must come to know the psychology of our peoples in order successfully to augment the ideal that is now common to us all. Democracy unites us, the same profound desire permanently to sustain a world of liberty and democracy

unites us. Is it not perhaps the fullest development of liberty that brings to fruition the hopes of men by building up a world based on the rights of man as a human person, as a spiritual cosmos? The awareness of the tremendous values that we are defending must urge us to work for union.

Frozen Freshness

What cold storage lockers
can do for the family.

By Ross L. Holman

WHEN the average housewife now prepares her Christmas dinner, she can serve strawberries and cream along with her turkey and cranberry sauce. She can enable her guests to enjoy corn-on-cob with an almost corn-field freshness. All of these products will be just as fresh as when harvested the summer before, but not as young. In other words, the frozen locker industry is born.

Over 3,500 locker plants are now operating in this country. This new development is an offspring of the rural electrification program and started about seven years ago. Private families can rent year-round refrigeration by the cubic foot and store summer perishables for winter consumption. Its rapid progress is due to the "quick-freeze" process, which seems likely to revolutionize cold storage technique. Under this system individual families can not only store vegetables, fruits and meats but preserve many products that have heretofore been allergic to any kind of cold storage.

Locker plants in this country vary from 50 to 2,000 lockers. The average locker contains about 6 cubic feet of storage space and rents for around \$10 to \$12 a year. It will hold 200 pounds of food, but by putting in food as it is taken out it can be stretched to 800 pounds a year.

The artificial quick-freeze idea presumably germinated in 1917 with Joseph Winchell, a small cold storage operator of Centralia, Washington, although dwellers in the North have used its natural counterpart for centuries. Being puzzled over how to preserve a batch of pheasants some friends left with him he threw them into a can of water, froze it solid, and held them in cold storage three months. At the end of that time he found them as good as when put in. In 1927, with the aid of some engineers, he developed the idea into a practical storage method. It was not until 1935, however, that it took hold as an important commercial development.

Under the regular cold storage methods we have known for so long, it takes quite a bit of time for a food product to freeze through. Under slow freezing the ice crystals form slowly and expand so much they break down the cell tissues of the food. Under quick-freezing, the job is done so suddenly the ice crystals remain small and the cell structure is not damaged. When you process a strawberry this way, for instance, you kiss it with a blast of sub-zero temperature that holds all of its fresh qualities in a state of suspended animation until you get ready to serve it.

This method of cold storage enables a family to store a number of foods in their original form, texture and taste. Under the usual methods of kitchen processing, many vegetables and fruits could heretofore be preserved only by canning, preserving, pickling, etc. In other words, they had to be processed in a way that gave them a different taste and turned them into something else. Such foods as peaches, spinach, beans, corn-on-cob and all kinds of berries are adaptable to the sharp-freeze operation, and can be held in their original form and just-off-the-vine freshness. There is no leakage of vitamins as in other methods of processing.

While there has never been any difficulty in holding meat in cold storage, quick-freezing has vastly improved its keeping qualities. When you sit down to a dish of six-months-old locker steak you don't have to eat something that tastes like broiled harness leather.

Hundreds of farm women have quit canning their cull hens. I know one woman who used to cull her laying flock in July, just as the birds slowed up in egg production. In order not to sacrifice these retired layers on a glutted market, she picked them one at a time, packed them in tin, and sweated over a red-hot stove, supplemented by a blistering July temperature, until she had steam-pressured those birds into an unspoilable condition. When she now gets ready to process

cull hens, she dresses them, puts them in her \$10-a-year locker and turns on the sub-zero freeze.

One family

Reams Fleming, who has a 250-acre farm near Franklin, Tenn., keeps two rented lockers for his family of four. Besides canning and juicing a vast number of fruits and vegetables, the family lockers its beans, spinach, corn-on-cob, strawberries, dressed hens, broilers, veal calves, lambs and pork. As they take out veal chops, pork steaks, etc., other meat cuts go in to hold locker space to capacity. Under the Tennessee Home Food Supply Program the Flemings won first prize last year for their county by producing at home a larger percentage of home-consumed food than any other family. Their score card showed 98 percent of it came off their own farm. If company happens in unexpectedly at meal time, the Flemings might be provoked but not table-spreadingly embarrassed.

The locker industry started as a farm development. The farmer at first used his locker to store his surplus perishables, and to keep on hand a fresh supply of meat. In the pre-locker days he couldn't kill a veal or a lamb for family consumption without selling or swapping out three-fourths of it to keep it from spoiling.

As the industry developed, city residents sensed the value of this new method of storing food. Mrs. Betsy Housewife can now buy fruits and vegetables during a summer abundance when the market is sagging and serve them when it is skyrocketing. The percentage of lockers now rented by town and city families is 25.7. In the southern states the number used by urban residents runs well above 50 percent.

One thing that accelerated their use by non-agricultural families is the extra servicing many locker managements got to providing. When the industry was young and served farmers only, the farmer killed and dressed his own beef, hog or lamb, and got it ready for storing. The management of one of these complete service plants will take in the live animal; slaughter it; chill the meat; work it into chops, steaks, back strips and other family-size cuts; quick-freeze and store; all for a service charge of 1 to 1½ cents a pound. The city man's lady can now call the locker manager, tell him to have a 150-pound veal in her rented locker a week from next Friday, and forget about it until she gets the bill. She doesn't even have to provide the calf; the manager will purchase one for her from a farmer, packer or other source. If she does not raise her own vegetables and fruits she may either purchase them herself from producers during season, or leave it with the locker management.

While the development of the frozen locker industry has been rapid, it has been curiously

spotted. Its greatest concentration has been in the midwest, with Iowa far in the lead. Coming next are the southern and Pacific Coast states. Strange to say, there are practically none in the New England or rich Atlantic Seaboard states where one would think they would have their greatest value. Far more of them have been built in country districts and small towns than in cities, where they will some day serve a great need.

The Farm Credit Administration report of 1940 shows that only 15.4 percent of the plants are located in cities of over 10,000 population, while 53.3 percent are in towns and villages of less than 2,000. Of the total in operation, 47.2 percent were owned by individuals, 16.3 by partnerships, 22.3 by corporations and 13.8 by co-operatives. The remaining .4 percent is listed as unknown.

Those individually owned are for the most part held by meat markets, grocery stores, etc., though many are operated independent of any other business. Practically none are listed as owned by individual farmers, though farmers are predominantly the most numerous patrons, and are undoubtedly the principal stockholders in those cooperatively owned. A very small number of farmers who are big enough to use a lot of refrigeration own home freezing units for their own use but not for rent.

The number of cooperative plants has increased from slightly more than 7 percent of the total in 1935 to 13.8 percent in 1940. The capacity of the cooperatives averages nearly double that of the individually owned plants.

Locker plants are as a rule constructed and operated by private capital, though some have been financed by the Farm Security Administration and other federal agencies under special conditions.

How to go about it

For the individual who wishes to avail himself of locker service in a community where such a plant does not exist, there are two ways of going about it: (1) Getting some individual or firm, possibly a grocery store, ice cream plant or creamery to install it as an adjunct to its main business. (2) Induce a number of other people who desire locker service to go in with him and finance a co-operative plant for their own use.

When food is processed in a modern locker plant, it first goes to the quick-freeze room where it is suddenly frozen down to a temperature of 10 to 15 degrees below zero. Then it goes into the customer's locker where the temperature is kept around zero until it is taken out. If the food is meat, however, it must go to the chill room to get the animal heat out before it can be sharp-frozen and stored.

The average locker plant is so arranged that the patron can get access to his rented compart-

ment without trouble. When you walk in you may find the lockers arranged in tiers like rented boxes in a postoffice. You may walk down an aisle between tiers higher than you head until you locate your own compartment by number. Then you unlock and take out your dinner needs of turkey, steak and spinach.

In some plants the storage is all underneath. You walk into the plant, see nothing but vacant atmosphere, and wonder where your zero box is. All at once the attendant works a hoist, and there springs up, like an elevator from the basement, your cubicle of refrigeration right before your eyes.

Other plants are worked with a "polar wheel" mechanism. You dial for your number as though you are ringing a telephone number. When your number is indicated on the door you open up.

The average locker patron saves from \$50 to \$150 a year on grocery bills. He buys his meat on the hoof—if he didn't raise it—at farm price and saves the usual cost of distribution. He stores garden and orchard products when they are glutting the market.

Locker storage is now becoming accessible to the most remote sections of the country. The only limiting factor is lack of electric current. In a small district where there are not enough potential customers profitably to operate a complete locker plant with all-out servicing facilities, the community can be served by a small branch that provides nothing but the actual refrigerated storage. This may be no more than a 9-by-24-foot building equipped with the permanent refrigerating equipment, while all the expensive chilling, quick-freezing and other pre-storage operations are handled at the main plant several miles away. The branch usually gets along without any paid employees aside from a nearby resident who loans the outside door key to locker patrons and checks the electric equipment for any necessary servicing.

So rapidly is the number of locker plants increasing that any survey undertaken is out of date before the figures can be published. The service can be provided so cheaply that some day the rented locker will be as common a piece of equipment with the average home as the family refrigerator.

The Fourteenth Station

Is there a place for my kind?

Wealthy and bourgeois matron,

Who of the saints can I find

Plain enough for my patron?

Strange and releasing idea,

Learned at the Fourteenth Station,

Joseph of Armathea,

You are my consolation!

MARY EAKIN.

Communications

GREY EMINENCE

Westport, Conn.

TO the Editors: Dr. Julia Metcalf's gracious letter in *THE COMMONWEAL* of January 30, elaborating her disagreement with my position on Aldous Huxley's "Grey Eminence," does not seem to achieve its purpose.

I have from the beginning maintained, upon the basis exclusively and entirely of Huxley's assertions and implications in "Grey Eminence," that he is not a believer in the divinity of Christ; that were he so, he would have been obliged to discuss more fully than he does the question of whether Christ and His Passion, in virtue of Christ's supernal qualities and motivations and divine nature, have a legitimate rôle in the act of mysticism.

I have held that if one believes in Christ's divinity, one's mystical consideration of Him and His Passion necessarily burgeons into a larger consideration of the abstract qualities of divinity as related to Christ and to God. One is compelled to pass from a glorified imagistic concept to an intimately related contemplation of divine Essence. This approach to mysticism, while I have never argued that it was the sole allowable approach, does have the special virtue of infusing, at the start, an abstract concept with realness, immediacy and personality, thus averting the conceivable danger of the mystic's indulgence in what might become a barren abstraction and even an atheistic operation. Catholic dogma insists upon a personal God; and "Jesus-centrism," which may be absorbed and, as an imagistic process, annihilated in the divine Essence, would seem to be a powerful safeguard of this Catholic attitude where such safeguard might be necessary or desirable.

I believe Dr. Metcalf inclines to agree with this, although she did not specifically so indicate in her first letter. But she does not yet wish to grant what seems so utterly apparent in Huxley's book, namely the author's own disbelief in the divinity of Christ. Dr. Metcalf has not answered to my satisfaction the statement in my previous letter that a number of specific passages in the book, which I then quoted and which concur with the general non-Catholic tone of Huxley's discussion, are rampant with disbelief in Christ's divinity. Dr. Metcalf excuses Huxley's tendentious observations on the grounds that Huxley is not familiar with Catholic terminology and definition. To this I am compelled to say that the question rises considerably above exact terminology and fine definition and involves a strong tone of dismissal and sarcasm. Besides, no author having the brilliance and astounding knowledge that Huxley demonstrates in this book has any intention of allowing himself to be caught short without adequate knowledge of the cardinal points of his subject. It is sheer sophistry to judge an author on anything other than what he deliberately and clearly says and implies, simply on the grounds that he might have said something else had he possessed other knowledge which some reader gratuitously assumes he does not have. There is not one whit of evidence that Huxley does believe in the divinity of Christ, whereas the positive evidence

that he does not so believe is overwhelmingly manifest. I here offer one more piece from Huxley: "To a non-Christian, this seems the supremely important, the eminently encouraging fact about mysticism—that it provides the basis for a religion free from unacceptable dogmas, which themselves are contingent upon ill established and arbitrarily interpreted historical facts."

I thank Dr. Metcalf for her kind compliments, and only wish that California and Connecticut were not so far apart as to make *vis-à-vis* discussion, with cocktails, so impractical.

T. O'CONOR SLOANE III.

NEGROES

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: Each week I look forward to my copy of THE COMMONWEAL because you have been so consistent in including in each issue some important item on matters pertaining to the Negro.

I feel it my duty to let you know that your editorial in the issue for January 23, entitled "The Racial Front," and the article "Bond of Unity," by Mr. H. L. Binsse, in your issue of January 30, have not gone by unnoticed. Rather they have occasioned a good deal of discussion and favorable comments among colored readers.

As a veteran of the last World War, your first article had more than passing interest. Fond memories of the past come back to me, and I can see in the present policy of our armed forces the same pattern that was followed in the past. The case of the 24th Infantry in the "Houston incident" of some years ago points clearly to what may yet happen unless, as you say, "since it is generally agreed that a united, all-out American effort will be required to win this war, why do not the authorities make a virtue of necessity and change their policy now?"

Mr. Binsse's article, however, stirs me more than anything else. The convention at Anacostia, "humble enough . . . in its outward aspects yet profoundly revolutionary in its inward implication" as a demonstration of the Christian conception of the family, was noteworthy in the part which the Apostolic Delegate to the United States, the Most Reverend Amleto Giovanni Cicognani, plays. The spectacle of his giving "Communion to more than 500 members of the parish in family groups—first grandparents, then parents, then children," all Negroes, dramatizes the words of Saint Paul as contained in his First Epistle to the Corinthians, chapters 12 to 15, inclusive. It is the Catholic way.

E. A. ROMERO.

COOPERATIVES

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editors: We believe your readers will be interested in knowing of an opportunity for training to do important work on the home front, where good intentions and a desire to serve are equally as ineffective as on the battle front, unless knowledge and skill are developed. Women who seek an opportunity to enter significant public service as practical as nursing, we believe, will be interested in careers in cooperative food

store clerking and management. For them, and for men who have the capacity for the challenging demands of cooperative management responsibilities, but who are not eligible for the armed services, a training course in cooperative food store operation will be conducted from April 6 to May 30 by the Council for Cooperative Business Training.

In addition to the emphasis on the practical details of store operation, including margin control, store routines and bookkeeping, there will be special lectures from women of standing in the field of nutrition and the food editors of metropolitan papers who will bring out the possibilities for food counselling in a field dominated by men up until this time.

The rapid and continued expansion of the consumer cooperative movement has created numerous job opportunities. Full details about the course can be had on request.

EASTERN COOPERATIVE LEAGUE.

HENRY GEORGE AND AMERICAN CATHOLICISM

Westminster, Md.

TO the Editors: Mr. Robert C. Ludlow is perfectly correct in surmising, in his letter in your issue of January 30, that I shall welcome criticism of my "Story of American Catholicism." Let me take this opportunity to add that I shall be grateful for it and hope in due course to correct anything in my book that needs to be corrected.

But to answer Mr. Ludlow's specific point: I was referring mainly to the distinctive fiscal technique of the single tax. This seems to me unsound, though I suppose it is true that the general philosophy of the more moderate single taxers "can be made to accommodate itself quite nicely to the Thomistic system." As I said in my book, Dr. McGlynn did not recant; he merely explained, and the Apostolic Delegate accepted his explanation.

Some of his earlier and more aggressive statements, however, can hardly be reconciled with the Catholic position about private property. There is an article in the February issue of the *Social Justice Review* from the pen of the Reverend Dr. Frederick J. Zwierlein, whose richly documented three-volume "Life and Letters of Bishop McQuaid" I drew upon freely. In this article he quotes a hitherto unpublished letter, dated April 24, 1889, from Archbishop Corrigan to Bishop McQuaid in which he announces that he has received "*sub secreto S. Officii*, a document announcing the condemnation of Georgism, by decree of February 6. . . . The only trouble is that the decision is to be kept secret (on account of circumstances), and hence it will be hard to enforce." It is a pity that we do not have the actual terms of the decree itself, though we do have what is a condemnation of Georgism in the *Rerum Novarum* of 1891. However, it is evident from the reinstatement of Dr. McGlynn by Archbishop Satolli the following year that McGlynn's considered version of the single tax was acceptable to the Roman authorities. That statement of McGlynn read, in part: "*Land would be left in the private possession of individuals, with full*

liberty on their part to give, sell, or bequeath it, while the state would levy on it for public uses a tax that should equal the annual value of the land itself, irrespective of the use made of it or of the improvements made on it." Earlier in the same document, which Dr. Zwierlein quotes in full in the third volume of his "McQuaid" (pp. 75-79), McGlynn wrote of private property, "in fact, such exclusive possession is necessary to the ownership, use, and enjoyment by the individual of the fruits and products of his industry." One wonders therefore why Dr. Zwierlein concludes his article in the *Social Justice Review* with the dark saying that the "so-called exoneration" of Dr. McGlynn appears as a greater mystery of iniquity than ever. For though there was no formal recantation, there was certainly a new statement of his position, and this the Apostolic Delegate considered sufficient for him to order Archbishop Corrigan to reinstate his suspended priest.

In saying this, I hold no brief for the single tax; but it would seem to be true that it is susceptible of being framed in such terms as to make it unobjectionable in Catholic eyes. At the same time it must be repeated that the more radical statement of it cannot be regarded as unobjectionable, and the economic feasibility of the single tax in any form may be open to reasonable doubt.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

Providence, R. I.

TO the Editors: Mr. R. C. Ludlow's letter in the issue of January 30, on "Henry George and American Catholicism," reminds me of a remark made by a leading spirit in the Single Tax school in New York, viz., "The virulence with which members of this movement attack one another is like that found nowhere else except in theological controversy." One reads Mr. Ludlow's letter with sympathetic understanding and rejoices in the nice neat way in which he tells off Professor Maynard; but then suddenly one is quite bowled over by his dragging Dr. Albert Jay Nock into the picture, excoriating him as having "anti-Semite tendencies," and calling him a "Spencerian liberal."

Just how a man who believes that most men and women are sub-human and incompetent for a share in government, as Dr. Nock does believe, can be called a "Spencerian liberal," is a little puzzling; but let that pass. What evidence has Dr. Nock given that he is anti-Semitic? He wrote a series of articles for the *Atlantic* last year, attempting to analyze the Jewish problem. One may disagree with his contention that anti-Semitism is founded on resentment against the Jews as the only Oriental people which has ever tried to amalgamate itself into an Occidental civilization while still retaining its own Oriental clannishness; but there was not a trace of animus against the Jew in those articles. If the time has come when even the most sympathetic attempts to describe the Jewish problem are "anti-Semitic," and that only those are free from the charge who deny that there is any Jewish problem, we have gone in for the tactics of the ostrich.

Mr. Ludlow's feeling against Dr. Nock is probably due to his not liking the latter's "Life of Henry George," with its intimations that H. G. had in himself certain

limitations which hindered the growth of Single Tax. That is all right, of course; and no one has any right to intervene in these family quarrels. But to smear A. J. N. with charges of "anti-Semitic tendencies," especially in these touchy days, is not playing fair; and Dr. Nock's friends and friends of the *Atlantic* (and I am both) may well protest.

Incidentally, the whole delicate and complicated question of the treatment of Father McGlynn by Archbishop Corrigan is nowhere treated with more impartial fairness than in that book of Nock's on Henry George.

BERNARD IDDINGS BELL.

NETHERLANDS INDIES

TO the Editors: In the article about the Netherland East Indies (Inner Forum, *THE COMMONWEAL*, January 30), I criticized some facts of our colonial history. However, I am very sorry that you left out for reasons of space a paragraph which I should like to quote: "The Netherland government did better than the East Indian Trading Company. They managed the administration so excellently that today they are rewarded with the most amazing loyalty of the natives, who cooperate heartily in the war efforts toward the defense of those possessions."

Furthermore I found myself saying that "... strength of character is always needed in a *Netherlander* exposed to a tropical environment." Why in a *Netherlander*? Because your printer by mistake changed a *Northerner* into a *Netherlander*.

REV. P. J. M. H. MOMMERSTEEG.

The Stage & Screen

The Mikado and Jooss Ballet

WHEN the opening chorus of the Boston Comic Opera's "The Mikado" changed "We Are Gentlemen of Japan" into "We are Gangsters of Japan," I reached for my hat. A prefatory program note had already apologized: "William S. Gilbert wrote 'The Mikado' depicting the Japanese in the light that history now records—sly, witty, deceitful, unconscionably corrupt, and treacherous." In fact, of course, "The Mikado" has nothing to do with the Japanese character; Gilbert and Sullivan happened to select that distant country to disguise their satirical comments upon the British bureaucracy. "The Mikado" is about as propagandistic as Walt Disney's "Dumbo."

But I stayed, after all, and enjoyed a spirited, well-drilled performance. Florenz Ames again took top honors. The part of Pooh-Bah offers more latitude than Sir Joseph Porter in "H.M.S. Pinafore," and Mr. Ames took full advantage. The ensemble singing was especially commendable; Morton Bowe, as Nanki-Poo, was in fine voice; and Kathleen Roche was a dainty and attractive Yum-Yum, although still occasionally unsure in the top register.

On the same program, the Joos Ballet presented "The Big City" and "A Ball in Old Vienna." I preferred the latter: rather conventional material enhanced by humor and debonair grace, particularly on the part of Henry Shwarz as the dancing master. Frederic Cohen and F. P. Waldman, besides accompanying the dancing on two pianos, gave a delightful reading of Brahms's Waltzes from Op. 30 during the entr'acte. (*At the St. James.*)

The Years Between

IN SHARP CONTRAST to the solemn earnestness of "Song Out of Sorrow," the Blackfriars' Guild revealed its lighter side in "The Years Between." Edward Burbage's play is a glib, lively domestic comedy, old-fashioned in spirit and technique but with contemporary trimmings.

Uncle Pete lives with his sister's family who wonder when he'll stop making facetious wise-cracks long enough to look for a job. His favorite niece, Anne, wants to be a writer but can't make contact with life. Pete thinks he knows the solution: a moderate fracture of the heart. But the scheme he cooks up backfires, and meanwhile priorities menace his brother-in-law's factory. So Peter has to roll up his sleeves and contact a few well-placed college friends. Actually, it's Anne who saves the day, but Peter takes the credit and faces the final curtain unregenerate.

It's Uncle Pete's play, and Robert E. Perry's performance is as facile as his lines. Shirley Gregory makes the most of Anne, and the minor parts are well handled. If you enjoy Andy Hardy movies, you should enjoy "The Years Between." (*At the Blackfriars.*)

The Flowers of Virtue

IT HAS BECOME a matter of course this season that at least one of each week's openings disappears over the weekend. Marc Connelly's new play closed shop after its fourth performance, although in normal times it might have modestly entertained Forty-fifth Street for a month or longer. It had at least one striking novelty: an American millionaire (Frank Craven) who is not a black-hearted villain but the kindly and resourceful hero. Said millionaire, a refugee from Washington alphabets, prepares to relax in the Mexican Eden where a schoolmate of his wife—an amusing caricature of Mabel Luhan, itinerantly allied to a local Adonis—is writing her latest never-never novel. Seemingly in the patio, the millionaire's Bennington daughter digs Mayan relics and trades hearts with her boss. Upstairs, a sympathetic native craftsman installs plumbing and dispenses good will.

But a snake enters the garden: a local politician whose grasping mind has made a weird identification of Calvin Coolidge and Adolf Hitler, and discovers Bolshevik propaganda in *Popular Mechanics*.

This is Mr. Connelly's material, and he resolves it with ingenuity, if you don't mind a few loose strands left dangling. The play's failure is its confusion of satirical and dramatic content. Grover Bemis's concluding speech to the effect that humanity is worth saving because humans are capable of virtue, isn't sufficiently implicit in the

action; the "timely" features of the play, as of so many recent plays, are overly self-conscious. Our playwrights are genuinely concerned with current events; except for the pure escapists, they don't feel easy about ignoring these events; and yet, the events are so close, so pressing, so transient, they don't quite dare a direct approach to them. Consequently, the timeliness they inject into their plays appears, whatever the motive, opportunistic. The authors are no more to blame than the audiences; and neither is as much to blame as our times, when history is so infinitely more compelling than fable. There are human problems which were important and moving before the present crisis and will continue to be important and moving after it, but so far this season these have yielded to temporality.

(An exception must be granted to Clifford Odets's "Clash by Night." Mr. Odets has recently stated the theme of his play: "The need of a new morality, with a return to voluntarily imposed morals, to voluntarily assumed forms in a world of democracy where there are no forms but plenty of appetite and irresponsibility." This, certainly, is an important and valid human theme. Unfortunately, Mr. Odets didn't succeed in communicating it.)

DAVID BURNHAM.

Love vs. Careers, Planes and Islands

"WOMAN OF THE YEAR" comes so close to being the picture of the year that it's a shame it missed. It's about two people: Tess Harding, a dorothea-thompsonish columnist ("number two to Mrs. Roosevelt"), who tells all about weighty national and international affairs in her daily articles; and Sam Craig, the top-notch sports writer who works on the same paper. Tess and Sam have a little scuffle in print; each thinks the other's stuff is pretty dull; but they meet and fall in love—hard. Sam knows that Tess is an odd fish that likes knowing more than most people and telling all about it—but he loves her; he loves her when she's sober, when she's drunk, even when she's brilliant. And Tess, well, love and a really sweet guy like Sam are something new to her, even with all her knowledge of world affairs. So they marry. Things don't work out too well. Sam wants a home and children, not the international set that keeps running in and out of his—or rather Tess's—apartment. And Tess is too busy with the fall of various European countries and miscellaneous foreign visitors to be just a wife to a sports writer. The most ironical scene of the film shows Tess accepting her nomination as Woman of the Year, while Sam returns to the orphanage the Greek youngster they adopted. So Sam walks out on her; and Tess learns the hard way that there's no fun in life unless you share its joys. The picture gets a bit pretentious at this point, when Tess's father marries an old sweetheart in a private chapel. A few honest tears run down Tess's cheeks as she hears the wedding vows read. She hurries home. And while the ending lasts about fifteen minutes longer than it should, it provides some hilarious fun. Ring Lardner, Jr., and Michael Kanin wrote the amusing script from their own story. George Stevens has directed it with a refreshing brilliance

that makes it appear like something novel in movies. The rôle of Tess is a natural for Katharine Hepburn and she plays it with style and keen understanding. But Spencer Tracy almost walks away with the whole film. Never before has he been so charming in a comedy rôle. The scenes between the two of them are a sheer delight of cinema acting: at the ball game, at Tess's soirée with its variety of foreign languages, even the final scene which has been done hundreds of times in the movies seems like a masterpiece with these two before the camera. Mr. Stevens of course deserves credit; he has also handled his entire cast extremely well, and he has made the old career-vs.-love formula seem like a new dish.

Two pictures this week go out of their way to prove that technicolor, no matter how beautiful it may be, doesn't necessarily make good cinema. "*Captains of the Clouds*," employing excellent color on land and in the air, might also be used to illustrate the now accepted saying about airplane films: if you've seen one, you've seen them all. This one includes dashes of "I Wanted Wings," "Dive Bomber" and similar pictures that take their heroes into the air to win glory. This time, however, the standard story is used with a wings-over-Canada locale. After a long introduction in which James Cagney and Dennis Morgan compete for the same gal (Brenda Marshall as a no-good trollop in the Canadian wilds) all the boys get into the R.C.A.F.

Winston Churchill's "We shall not flag; we shall not fail" speech is used effectively to incite the boys (and stir the audience) into action. Mr. Morgan is the first to sign up—as much out of pique because Cagney married the girl (to save Morgan from her) as for patriotic reasons. However, our group of heroes, Cagney, Morgan, Alan Hale, George Tobias, Reginald Gardner, discover they's too old to be fighter-pilots. They become teachers, and we are treated to some stunning shots of the Royal Canadian Air Force training its new men. Cagney, however, disobeys orders, is responsible for the death of one of his pupils, is courtmartialed and dismissed. He gets a chance to prove himself a real hero in the finale—of course violating all rules to the very end. Michael Curtiz directed his cast well, and the film has some exciting thrills even if it is the same old story in different trimming. If you haven't had your fill of airplane pictures, you'll find this one well above the average.

"Bahama Passage" is another technicolor job of rare beauty. But it strains so hard to become a deep, psychological study in love, fear, hate and loneliness that it becomes a pretentious bore—notwithstanding the fact that a thing of beauty should be a joy forever. Blonde, blue-eyed Madeleine Carroll, using all her Eve technique, and blond, bronzed Stirling Hayden, looking like a sea god, make quite a handsome pair before the lovely Bahama sea and land scapes. The girl tries too hard to make her Adam; and the boy is too sullen. Of course he knows that the womenfolk are never happy on Dildo Cay, the barren island where his family has mined salt for generations. And there's Flora Robson as his neurotic mother who is driven batty by her own hypochondria and fear of the natives. And there's Leo G. Carroll as the girl's father, an unscrupulous scoundrel who kills one of the

natives when he's driven to action by his own evil nature and Robson's hysteria. The love scenes get pretty silly as Madeleine throws herself at Stirling. And the story gets dull when she can't see that she's getting nowhere even by working overtime. Edward G. Griffith directed and produced. The film's main attraction is its two striking blondes against the green background.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Serb Odyssey

From the Land of the Silent People. Robert St. John. Doubleday. \$3.00.

ROBERT ST. JOHN'S story starts in those days when General Simovitch, for decades an admirer of Great Britain, was made to believe by some Greek agent that at least fifteen British divisions and hundreds of British planes would rush to his aid as soon as his putsch succeeded. It ends four weeks later, when the author leaves disorganized Crete, which seems to him badly prepared for the German attacks. Into these most dramatic weeks of Balkan history is packed as much of personal adventure and personal insight of men at war as any correspondent has experienced before.

It is pathetic reading how helpless the brave Yugoslavian soldiers were with their antiquated outfits and their old fashioned training, face to face with modern *blitzkrieg* methods. A few days before war broke out, St. John met a soldier from a remote mountain district who honestly did not know what kind of things "tanks" might be. A week later the author observed the tragicomic spectacle of Yugoslavian infantry trying to shoot down the enemy bombing planes with their rifles.

Accompanied by an old fisherman from a coastal village, who in his younger days had been a worker in Philadelphia, St. John and three other newspapermen tried to reach the Greek shore with the *Makedonka*, a rotten motor boat they had acquired. They ran through an eventful Adriatic Odyssey before they reached the Greek island of Corfu, where new complications awaited them. A trip through Greece followed with the most terrific happenings in bombed cities. The author does not accuse and moralize; he is only telling what he saw and smelled and heard. He just states by the way that instead of the 300,000 British troops supposed to fight with the Greeks, there were only forty thousand, of whom one-half has perished.

All this is told without going deeply into political problems, just as a human story, presented in a dry matter of fact style. The war hysteria of terrorized people becomes reality to the reader, while the author is fully aware how dubious he and his fellow reporters must appear before their tragical background, "leeches . . . trying to suck headlines out of all this death and suffering." But because St. John himself does not write like a sensational copy writer but as a modest chronicler, his book will survive those of his more ambitious colleagues. When all the political wisecrackers shall prove *démodé* in style and short sighted in opinions, the grandeur of this factual report will survive. Without hesitation we emphasize that it is by far the best realization of war terror in our times which we have read till now. MAX FISCHER.

BIOGRAPHY

William M. Evarts. Chester W. Barrows. North Carolina. \$4.00.

MR. BARROWS' book is as much too long as were the majority of Mr. Evarts' speeches. He spares us scarcely a public dinner attended by his hero, including a resumé of his post-prandial remarks. This becomes very wearisome in a book of I don't know how many pages, but it cannot be said that he has not done justice to the many sides of Mr. Evarts' activities, which probably deserve to be recorded. As a lawyer, Mr. Evarts stood at the head of his profession, although it may be doubtful whether he was as much interested in the philosophy as in the technique of the law. He was one of the founders of the New York Bar Association and its first president. As a statesman he rendered the country three services of the first distinction: first as the defender of Andrew Johnson in his impeachment trial; second in the active part he played in the movement to rid New York City of Boss Tweed and his associates; and third as counsel for the US in the Geneva arbitration proceedings following the Civil War.

Beginning his political life as an Independent, he was unable in office to resist the pressure of politicians, and his later career bogged down into something little better than that of the ordinary political hack. Mr. Barrows makes grudging acknowledgment of this in referring to his support of Blaine, Cornell, etc., but fails to characterize as he should Evarts's legislative quibbling which played a large part in depriving Tilden of the presidency and assigning it to Hayes, who rewarded him with the office of Secretary of State. Summing up, one is inclined to say of Evarts that he was a man of considerable ability and noted wit who succumbed to the perils of his position as a lawyer for the rich.

J. K. PAULDING.

FICTION

Northbridge Rectory. Angela Thirkell. Knopf. \$2.50.

AT MRS. VILLARS'S New Year's party, the hostess listened to her guests telling each other about their plans for the spring "provided nothing happened," which really means, thought Mrs. Villars, living in a state of darkness, discomfort and perpetual if unconscious anticipation of dangers—everyone jumbled up with strange companions and yet not too disheartened, not too unhappy. Northbridge in wartime is so scrupulously pictured by Angela Thirkell that, with no desire to alarm potential readers, it might be classified as a social document as well as extremely agreeable light fiction. Within her Trollopian frame—Barchester is the shopping center—Miss Thirkell has grouped some thoroughly modern characters but, in the Austen-Gaskell tradition, has sketched them all with such detailed and affectionate solicitude that High Street becomes alive with acquaintances. At first one is inclined to miss the precision of 19th century prose, since Miss Thirkell is apt to write largely through the verbatim medium of her characters' thoughts, but presently one falls into step, and not since Dickens has tea tasted so good nor scones been served so hot. Pretty Mrs. Turner's warm, brightly overfurnished drawing-room with her noisy good natured nieces has a glow that can be felt by the readers who do not wonder that Mr. Downing enjoyed its comfortable hubbub after the severe good taste and draughty superiority of Miss Pemberton's four-hundred-year-old stone cottage. Miss Pemberton, a squat, broadfeatured, dressed-in-brown-tweeds spinster, is the

literary beacon of Northbridge as authoress of a life of the consort of Edward IV and some essays on Umbrian art. Miss Pemberton also controls the destiny of an eminent bachelor, Mr. Downing, who is her permanent guest and protege. How Miss Pemberton, rising to heroic stages of sacrifice, permits Mr. Downing, a shy connoisseur of Provençal, to flutter about Mrs. Turner and to enjoy her cozy hospitality, and how he does return to his intellectual allegiance, is the backbone of a loosely articulated story, told mainly from the objective viewpoint of Mrs. Villars, a newcomer to Northbridge. As the Rector's wife, Mrs. Villars always feels a little guilty about being so contented in wartime, but she can't help enjoying her nice husband, her good cook, the spacious Rectory and the five officers of the Bassetshire Regiment who are quartered there. In fact, in spite of everything, most of Northbridge manages to get a good deal of enjoyment out of the current vicissitudes; Mrs. Turner and her nieces struggle with their communal kitchen but find time to cheer up the officers as well as their evacuee children; Mr. Downing and the Anglican Father Fewling live over their boyhood, perfecting their bomb-shelter for Air Raid Wardens; Miss Pemberton gets a lucrative order for a wartime cookbook, and Mrs. Paxon can't change her uniform fast enough for her multitudinous activities. The most serious discomfort from bombardments came the night that Captain Spender brought his wife to the Rectory and she insisted on waiting up for the all clear signal with gas masks and a "siren suit" and a suitcase full of meat tablets, bandages, etc. "If that's the way they're going on," remarked Miss Pemberton as a shattering noise bumbled round the house, "I'm going home. I shall certainly not let my cottage be blown up while I am out." Like her characters, Miss Thirkell seems to have acquired a philosophic poise and humanity that has added greatly to the honesty of her human. "Northbridge Abbey" belongs in an unusual category in modern fiction for it leaves a friendly flavor. A nice book to read, lend or borrow.

E. V. R. WYATT.

Dragon Seed. Pearl Buck. John Day. \$2.50.

IT IS three years since Pearl Buck gave us a novel about China. This latest work, like "The Good Earth" and "The Mother," treats of homely, earthy people, tied to the land by tradition, love and economics. Miss Buck has, however, written more than another picture of Chinese folklife; she portrays the peasant, torn from his land by the invader, debauched, demoralized and bewildered but able to struggle against the war and the invader about which they know nothing.

"Dragon Seed" is the story of the household of Ling Tan, farmer, and his family, living outside the walls of Nanking. It could have been another pleasing picture of China if the invader planes had not droned over Ling Tan's land, followed by the army which stole, destroyed, raped and perverted the countryside. Ling knew nothing about the invaders nor about their purpose. Neither did the other farmers. Until they looked at their dead fellows and their despoiled women they had not the slightest animus against the bringers of the "New Order."

In characteristic fashion, they were most concerned with the land. This was the thing they understood, this was the giver of life and the purpose of the peasant. So, when his children went their various ways into free parts of China to fight the Japanese, Ling Tan and his good wife stayed on the farm. From righteous people of the earth

whose shock at the actions of the invader can only be appreciated by the truly innocent, they turn into wily and daring if stolid defenders of their heritage.

Miss Buck tells her horror tales with constrained indignation, her human sketches with a poignancy that bespeaks an intense love for her characters whether it be the heroic son, Lao Er, risking his life in guerrilla war, or the tired wife of Ling Tan, asking whether he likes her the less for poisoning some of the invader soldiers.

Some of the bestiality portrayed may come too soon upon our war with Japan not to be taken with a grain of salt. Miss Buck goes all out (à la Hemingway) in her realism in this regard. In any case, it is a strongly and convincingly written story. There are no heroics, really; only heroism, which serves to make it the more convincing.

"Dragon Seed" portrays vividly the last of the real peasants learning the secrets of industrial civilization (sic) the hard way. Healthy paganism giving way to the advance of an evil neo-paganism whose parents were Oriental cruelty and Occidental materialism. Naturally, the author hopes for the survival of the peasantry she loves so well; she peaks through the mouth of Lao Er, the guerrilla, "It may be that some day we shall be given glory for this too, but I do not know. What does it matter if there is glory, so long as we hold the land?"

This quotation reflects Pearl Buck. No doubt about that. If it reflects the Chinese peasant, too, then China must endure.

WILLIAM M. CALLAHAN.

Along These Streets. Struthers Burt. Scribner. \$2.75.

"ALONG THESE STREETS," by Struthers Burt, is the story of a young anthropologist, Felix Macalister, who is chosen heir to the estate and fortune of his uncle provided he lives in the family mansion on Philadelphia's elegant Cassianut Street. The change involves interrupting his "cultivated loneliness" as a scientist and subjecting himself to the demanding leisure of Rittenhouse Square. This theme, no stranger to the stage, the screen or the publishing world, would seem to contain little potentiality for further development, and yet Mr. Burt revives and deepens the conflict by resetting it in the wider context of the destiny of man and more specifically in the context of the destiny of America.

"Felix, when you grow up try to make America as beautiful as she's magnificent . . . as beautiful as she was originally," is the challenge of Felix's father. And Felix finds the same generic falling short in himself, in Philadelphia, in his fellow Americans. Individuals, cities, nations seem consistently to choose the wrong things, groping about the periphery instead of piercing to the center where they can realize the promise which is the adequate expression of themselves. In the waste and uncertainty of their life span, all are ghost-haunted.

. . . what man wanted was simplicity affirmed and informed and made wise and workable by tragic experience. . . . That was what the American wanted for the assuagement of his nostalgia, his loneliness, his sense of loss. . . . He wanted the laying of the ghost of broken promises that had so long haunted him and the coming true of dreams that would trouble him until fulfilled.

The book as a whole exhibits the same extremes of promise and failure. For although the author is deeply and at times brilliantly sensitive and incisive, he frequently lapses into the banal and coarse and diffuse. The central thought, significant and universal as it is, trails off into

vagueness and sentimentality. Even the writing, which is for the most part flexible and rich, is broken by barren stretches that seem sterile and out of key.

But it is precisely for this admixture of success and failure that "Along These Streets" should be read. For the author's shortcomings are the shortcomings of his characters reproduced on another level, as the work in its entirety is a revealing documentation of our times.

MARGARET STERN.

HISTORY

Twelve Decisive Battles of the Mind. Gorham Munson. Greystone. \$3.50.

WHAT Mr. Munson has undertaken to do in this volume is to assemble eleven specimens of historically effective propaganda, in each case supplying a brief framework of explanation and a few pages of careful analysis. He starts off with Saint Paul and ends with Hitler-Mussolini. In between come Tom Paine, the "Declaration of the Rights of Man," Marx, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Zola, the "Protocols of the Elders of Zion," Wilson's "Fourteen Points," Lenin. Regardless of whether one agrees *in toto* with Mr. Munson's analyses, the mere gathering together of abridged versions of these great persuaders serves a purpose. It demonstrates by living example what we are all so likely to forget—that propaganda is in itself merely an instrument, a technique for obtaining consent from a broad mass of men. As such, like a trip-hammer or a die-stamping machine, it is in itself largely, if not entirely, outside the realm of morals. Its own goodness or badness as a technique is to be judged by its effectiveness; its connection with morality arises from, and is determined by, its end, unless, of course, it directly uses morally bad means, such as deliberate lying. In discussing a given piece of propaganda, then, three sets of criteria must be applied, first as to the efficacy of the propaganda itself, second as to its truth, and third as to the validity of that which it seeks to set in motion. To condemn something as being "just propaganda" is to condemn all attempts at persuasion and, therefore, to cast doubt on the existence of any such thing as truth, just as saying something is "just politics" is to imply that all action is bad, except perhaps anarchic personal action. The proper reply to both cracks is "So what?"

Of course by its very nature propaganda is likely to be unsubtle, no maker of fine distinctions. Thus from the point of view of today the question is not so much whether Captain Dreyfus was guilty or innocent, but whether anti-Semitism could obstruct the course of justice in France. Zola's conviction that Dreyfus had had a great injustice done him may, conceivably, have led to freeing a guilty man, but its true importance lay in its validation of a great principle of the "Rights of Man": "All citizens being equal in the eyes of the law are equally eligible to all dignities and to all public positions and occupations according to their abilities and without distinction except that of their virtues and talents." That propaganda *unconsciously* distorts truth by concretizing a principle, or by over-simplifying a problem (as with Tom Paine), is no ground for a valid condemnation, so long as the general end in view is sound, and the unconscious deviation from truth not so great in itself as to vitiate the whole outcome. In all such matters we are dealing with the most difficult of human problems, problems not to be avoided if we are to dwell in our earthly commonwealth without shirking our obligations.

It is unfortunate for those who do not see a solution of the world's ills in the ideas of social credit alone, however much they may find useful therein as contributing to a solution, that Mr. Munson's loyalty to this cause should make him see in it a catholicon for a propaganda to overcome that of the three totalitarianisms. Such a propaganda is needed, and badly, but let us hope it will have a broader base than Mr. Munson suggests. Despite its last chapter, "Twelve Decisive Battles of the Mind" is a useful book.

THE SAMPLER.

America's First Crusade. Herbert Hoover. Scribner. \$1.25.

THE CRITICS sought to kill Ambassador Cudahy's book by ignoring it; now they pile into ex-President Hoover's little opus for rocking the boat. Today politics in the narrow sense vies with advertising possibilities as the leading canon in forming "literary" judgments. Mr. Hoover never was an electrifying speaker or writer and these memoirs of Versailles are hardly distinguished or illuminating. But his comments on past errors do bring out one worthwhile thing which has considerable bearing on the next peace for which we purport to be fighting. As Mr. Hoover puts it in his own pedestrian style, "The forces which will surround the peace-makers will be much the same as in 1919. Impoverishment, famine, revolution, hate, nationalism and all the other plagues will sit beside that table again. If the peace-makers are to do a better job than last time nations then must be prepared not only with hammered-out solutions for use at the peace table, but their public minds must be conditioned in advance to the sacrifices and methods to be adopted." If the phrase "win the war" has any positive meaning, does not Mr. Hoover by bringing forward this point show himself infinitely more patriotic than the reviewers who deride him for doing so?

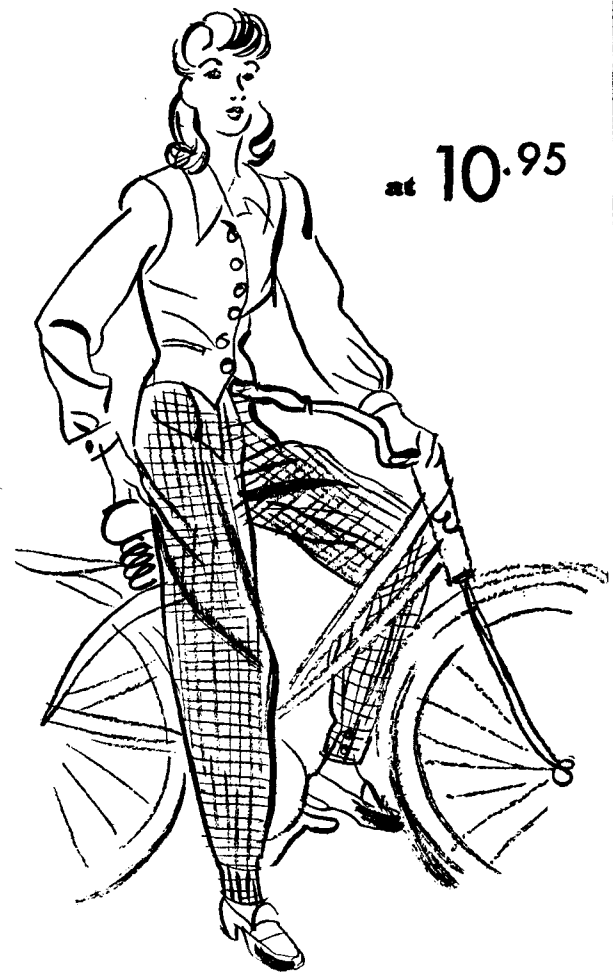
E. S. S.

RELIGION

Saints at Prayer. Raymond E. F. Larsson. Coward-McCann. \$2.50.

THIS VOLUME deals with nearly three score saints: the first is Polycarp, disciple of Saint John the Evangelist, the last is the modern Thérèse of Lisieux. The saints, whether martyrs, doctors of the Church, founders of religious orders, simple confessors or virgins or great mystics, are introduced with biographies scarcely three hundred words in length that suggest with wonderful clarity the essence of the individual's sanctity. Following each terse biography are one or more prayers ascribed to its subject; in many instances a saint's written advice on prayer is also given. Thus, a sketch of Saint John Chrysostom leads to his prayer "For Peaceful Concord" and to his statement that prayer is companionship and familiar intercourse with God. And a portrayal of Saint Francis de Sales precedes characteristic private prayers, notably an Act of Contrition, and passages from his "Treatise on the Love of God" containing his perfect definitions of meditation and contemplation. Saint Augustine's prayers are from his "Confessions," Saint Thomas More's are those that consoled him in the Tower of London. There are extracts from Saint Catherine of Siena's "Dialogue" and from the writings of Saint Gertrude. The interdependence of Saint Teresa of Avila and her spiritual adviser Saint Peter of Alcantara and her friend Saint John of the Cross becomes more than ever evident with admirably chosen excerpts from their writ-

B. ALTMAN & CO.



at 10.95

new . . . for "free wheeling"

CYCLE SLACKS

built just for bicycling

made with adjustable cuff-like bands, that button around the bottom of the slack legs to fit the ankle. All-wool gunclub check in navy with white; sizes 10 to 18.

Altman sportswear, third floor

see our collection of bicycles for women and men, boys and girls. sixth floor

Fifth Avenue at 34th Street Telephone MU. 9-7000
Also at our East Orange and White Plains Shops

YOUR EYES AGAIN

We have suggested a number of times in these pages that the readers of THE COMMONWEAL make offerings to help purchase Eye Kits for the missions, in return for the blessed gift of sight which God has bestowed on them. A letter just received, evidently in answer to this appeal, reads as follows:

Dear Reverend Father:

Within three years I have had two successful cataract operations. I am sending \$60 to express my gratitude to Almighty God. The money is to be used to buy a set of surgical instruments for eye operations.

We still offer you the opportunity of contributing toward these eye sets. The sacrifice you make by your offering, as well as the offering itself, will surely be an acceptable thanksgiving for your sight and that of your dear ones.

Meantime, the appeal for Neo-Arsphenamin was only slightly successful. Not enough has been received so far to buy even a thousand of the ampules. Therefore, we shall be obliged if those who are interested will send their contributions as soon as possible to Rev. Edward F. Garesché, S.J., President of the CATHOLIC MEDICAL MISSION BOARD, 10 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

MADONNA HOUSE BENEFIT SHOP

Proceeds for the poor of the Lower East Side.
Queensboro Bridge Market
89th St. & First Ave. ELdorado 5-4794

WE NEED:

Clothing Furniture House Furnishings

We will call for anything you will give. Contributions of money will greatly help our work here among God's poor.

MADONNA HOUSE
169-175 Cherry Street New York City

Buy U. S. Defense Bonds and Stamps at your local post office or bank. Buy them today. Buy them every day if you can. But buy them on a regular basis.

Bonds are sold for \$18.75, \$37.50, \$75 and up. Stamps may be bought for 10c, 25c and up. Buy stamps frequently, buy a bond once a month or oftener.

ings juxtaposed as they are here, and we note anew the influence exercised on all three by the works of Saint Augustine.

In a foreword, Mr. Larsson says that, whereas he has relied largely on others' translations, he has not scrupled to change their wording. He may have been wise in this and in employing a deliberately archaic prose in his sketches, for he is a poet and so a specialist with words; if the most familiar prayers, such as Saint Augustine's "Too late have I loved Thee, O Beauty ever ancient, ever new," the Communion prayers of Saint Thomas Aquinas and Saint Bonaventure, Saint Bernard's *Memorare* and Saint Ignatius Loyola's *Suscipe*, seem a little strange differently phrased, we love them nevertheless, and they will be recognized in Heaven.

The volume bears Archbishop Spellman's *Imprimatur*, and is a true book of devotion, one that we may use with a sense of freedom for we are secure when we pray with the saints.

D. H. MOSELEY.

BRIEFERS

Saratoga Trunk. Edna Ferber. Doubleday. \$2.50.

SMOOTHLY constructed, romantic, fast moving. S eminently readable, cut out to be a best seller and a big splash movie (after certain delicate changes to get by the Hays Office). Daughter (illegitimate) of New Orleans sultries her way to the man of her heart and pokes him on to making the *sine qua non* fortune. Excellent local color. Worst blemish: opening and closing talk about democracy and repentance of hero: "I'm the last of the crowd that had all four feet in the trough and nothing to stop 'em." Moral: we're still pigs, but now we got a swineherd. Probably that is not what Miss Ferber meant. Anyway, it's a good story.

Canton Captain. James B. Connolly. Doubleday. \$3.00.

THE EPIC of American—mostly Massachusetts—maritime adventure is so vast that it seems inexhaustible as a source of literary inspiration. The romantic appeal of the exploits of these men, to whom no part of the globe was strange, no risk too great, no difficulty insurmountable, is perennial. They were a strange mixture. They commanded ships in their teens, took their wives along on trips that might last years and might prove fatal to all hands; they sold warming pans in Havana—at a profit, too—and ice all over the world, they drove their ships against all prudence, and loved their ships so much that they spent their old age whittling models of them. Most of them were God-fearing Christians.

Mr. Connolly presents us with a full-dress biography of one of the most famous of these men, Commodore Robert Bennet Forbes, but a biography which will appeal more to lovers of adventure fiction than to students of human nature. He does not document his book; he merely tells you what happened and leaves it at that, sprinkling in a few quotations from diaries, letters and newspapers where they can help as seasoning for the yarn. The result is not altogether happy. He never seems to get under his hero's skin, and he loses the great advantage of adventure fiction, the well-constructed plot which can do so much to compensate for lack of insight into character. When you are all through, you really don't know much more about Ben Forbes than when you began. Yet you have had some exciting times with him, and that, after all, is a great deal.

Bloody Ground. John F. Day. Doubleday. \$3.00.

AN A.P. man supplies this very thorough sociological survey of the mountain counties of Kentucky, written in entertaining and fast-moving style. A good corrective to those who see the mountaineers through rose colored glasses and forget their poverty, disease, ignorance, superstition. Yet the point of view from which the book is written—typically “liberal” and humanitarian—induces a myopia of its own. The author suggests only one positive cure for the evils in the situation—birth control. Which amounts to admitting, as he honestly does, that he does not know the solution.

Mrs. Appleyard's Year. Louise Andrews Kent. Houghton. \$2.00.

THE story of a year in the life of a New England wife and mother (middle-aged) told with unusually happy wit and charm. Highly recommended for any leisure moment.

People Under Fire. Wallace R. Deuel. Harcourt. \$3.50.

DEUEL, foreign correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*, offers neither unknown facts nor unusual interpretations. But he gives an impressive survey of how individual life is suppressed by the nazis in all ways of life. You get a good idea of the racial laws and their influence on Germany, of eugenics and mercy killing, of the militarization of the whole human life. Rightly Deuel quotes some excellent sayings of Benedetto Croce, claiming that militarism containing all social and private life is no longer a military discipline but the suppression of intelligence. Nevertheless there is some highly interesting creative writing in Germany in spite of the nazis, although

Deuel ignores it. An important writer like Ernst Jünger is not even mentioned.

In the Groove

ONCE more a fine modern score comes to the discs—Paul Hindemith's *Mathis der Maler* (*Matthias the Painter*) Symphony. This was once recorded in Europe, but the new Victor album played by Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra (six sides) is the only one now available locally. The subject of Hindemith's symphony—and his subsequent opera of the same title—is Matthias of Grünewald, painter of the great Isenheim altarpiece, of which three sections are described in the music: *Angelic Concert*, *The Entombment* and *Temptation of Saint Anthony*. Matthias, in Hindemith's philosophical interpretation, seems a man of history, one of those figures which glow luminously for us in the murky landscape of the past. The sturdy, sinewy music is excellently recorded.

A full-dress Sibelius controversy has been building up, and out come some critics in full cry because, in the notes to Victor's album of *Tapiola*, this work is hailed (by Ernest Newman) as a masterpiece. Perhaps it's not, and perhaps the Finnish bard is due for revaluation. But Sibelians will welcome this evocation of Finnish forests, finely played by Dr. Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony (four sides). *Tapiola* has heretofore been available only in a collection now withdrawn.

Rachmaninoff's most salient symphonic work, it is generally agreed, is his *Rhapsody on a Theme of Paganini*, newly done by the pianist Benno Moiseivitch with the London Philharmonic under Basil Cameron (Victor, six

The Christendom Series

The following books comprise the third and fourth volumes in this series. The first two, "Catholicism and the Progress of Science," by William Agar and "The Medieval Papacy in Action," by Marshal Baldwin were published in 1940. All are a part of a series of popular books on important topics prepared under the auspices of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine. The price of each volume is \$1.00.

THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL IN ENGLAND

By John J. O'Connor

Here the author unfolds the drama of the epoch-making years from 1770 to 1892 when the remarkable development of Catholic life in England took place. We see how real Catholic emancipation was brought about and the Faith was strengthened and extended throughout England and the world. \$1.00

MEDIEVAL HUMANISM

By Gerald G. Walsh

This is a penetrating study of the nature of Humanism as a search for happiness through the reconciliation of intelligence, conscience and taste. The development of Christian humanistic thought is traced and we see that Humanism can only flourish in a Christian environment. \$1.00

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

A new book by

JOHN MOODY

author of "The Long Road Home"

FAST BY THE ROAD

Mr. Moody tells about his new home in the Catholic Church and what he has found in it during his first ten years as a Catholic. This is a striking record of the development and unfolding of an illuminating Faith and an intimate picture of a modern man and his experiences in a modern setting. Delightfully written—replete with entertaining and amusing anecdotes and incidents—it is, at the same time, a thoroughly constructive treatment of the Catholic Faith and the Catholic way of life. \$2.50

CHRISTIAN CRISIS

By Michael de la Bedoyere

Shall Christianity be taken seriously, or shall it be left as a personal faith for those who happen to find comfort in its teaching? In answering this important question, the author analyses the weakness and strength of Christian forces today and presents a thought-compelling solution for an effective Christian influence upon the forthcoming world order. \$1.75

60 Fifth Avenue, New York

Next Week

TOTALITARIANISM IN SPAIN by Wilhelm Solzbacher, noted European journalist and recent visitor to the Iberian Peninsula, is a comprehensive, forthright report based on "facts, documents, personal experiences." Read next week's issue and find out with assurance about the relationship between the Church and totalitarianism, the extent of Nazi influence, Catholic social movements in Spain today. An authoritative picture of a land which for months has been shrouded in obscurity. A situation that must be taken into account in speculations as to the direction of Hitler's next move.

INROADS OF THE BOURGEOIS SPIRIT by H. A. Reinhold, long a favorite with Commonweal readers, is an eloquent diatribe against "respectability." It goes with Ash Wednesday and the opening days of Lent. Dealing as it does with the comfortable materialism of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries it pays special attention to the inroads of that spirit among present-day Catholics. It ranges the fields of economic society, social custom, literature and the arts. An essay that will be long remembered.

THE ADMIRAL AND THE WOODPECKER by Vincent Engels, another Commonweal favorite, is on the lighter side. It is a charming narrative of the suburbs of Washington, D. C. It tells of a testy retired Admiral and a joyous woodpecker who hammered the near-by locust trees, telephone pole and metal gutters "especially about five in the morning" (not war-time).

Send for a Catholic Press Month trial today.

-----16 Weeks for \$1-----

FOR NEW SUBSCRIBERS

THE COMMONWEAL,
386 Fourth Ave.,
New York City.

For the enclosed \$1 send me
the next 16 issues of
THE COMMONWEAL

Name
Street
City
2/20/42

sides). The theme itself is a higgledy-piggledy tune which, to me, is one of the most irritating that ever attained a symphonic work-out, but the *Rhapsody* has its points. It will be remembered as the basis for the popular Fokine ballet *Paganini*.

Tunes by Dr. William Boyce, eighteenth-century English church composer and minor symphonist, were made into a London ballet in 1940 and are now recorded by Constant Lambert (who arranged the music) and the Sadler's Wells Orchestra (Victor, six sides). The ballet has the cosmic title *The Prospect Before Us*, but actually it deals with rivalry between two troupes, a theme well suited to these engaging, Handel-like airs and dances.

The opulent soprano voice of Helen Traubel is heard in three Wagner songs which I found only moderately interesting—*Träume*, *Schmerzen*, *Im Treibhaus*, the first and last being studies for *Tristan und Isolde*. Victor has titled the set *Three Deathless Songs*, and the Philadelphia Orchestra accompaniment is led by Leopold Stokowski (six sides). More urgent for Wagnerites is the Toscanini-NBC Symphony recording of music from *Die Götterdämmerung*—the Dawn passage, the Rhine Journey, and the Funeral music with the Death section which precedes it. Here is Toscanini at his considerable best, well worth hearing even by those who possess his fine earlier recording of the Rhine music (six sides).

Columbia's set of the *Chopin Etudes, Opus 25*, arrived several months late, apparently because of mechanical difficulties. This album (six sides) is a companion to the earlier set, *Opus 10*—played brilliantly but rather superficially by the talented young Hungarian-American, Edward Kilenyi. Beethoven's *Sonata No. 26* ("*Les Adieux*") is well played and recorded by Arthur Rubinstein (four sides) but it somehow lacks the true Beethoven touch. However, it's the only version now available.

The single discs I have heard—all Victor—were unexciting, with the possible exception of the fine guitar work in Julio Martinez Oyanguren's *Flamenco Suite*. The banal waltz from Tchaikovsky's *Eugen Onegin* is dashing played by Arthur Fiedler and the Boston Pops Orchestra. James Melton's tenor is anemic in the *Siciliana* from *Cavalleria Rusticana* and the *Serenade* from *Pagliacci*. Saint-Saens' dated *Rouet d'Omphale*—*Omphale's Spinning Wheel*—is executed by Hans Kindler and the National Symphony. Vocally acceptable but musically so-so are Martin Skiles's setting of the *Duel Ballade* from *Cyrano de Bergerac* and an air from Verdi's *Don Carlos*, sung by baritone Donald Dickson.

There is apparently no saturation point for close-harmony records, and Victor's album *Close Harmony*, by the Eton Boys, will perhaps find its public. The same may be said of *Organ Reveries* by Dick Leibert. *Ballads of Old Ireland*, sung by the radio tenor Lanny Ross for Victor, is agreeable although one tune sounds much like another. If there are gaps in your collection of Viennese waltzes, try Columbia's collection by the veteran European orchestra of Marek Weber—fine of its kind, although naturally not comparable in sonority or in rhythmic freedom with similar work by symphony orchestras. Of interest to Yale men, and young ladies interested in Yale men, and perhaps gleemen in general, is Columbia's *Yale Glee Club* album. Its selections of sea chanties, folk songs and spirituals are above-average in intelligence.

The war has yet to produce a good, inspiring, patriotic song, and there have been something-must-be-done mutterings even in Congress. *Keep 'Em Flying*, recorded by

Gene Krupa (Okeh) is on the maudlin side, the tune not very catchy. *Remember Pearl Harbor* (Sammy Kaye, Victor) is slightly better, perhaps because its march tune gives it some patriotic feeling, but there is something offensive about turning a national catastrophe into the mould of a college football song. On the lighter side, *Goodbye Mama, I'm Off to Yokohama*, recorded by Frankie Masters (Okeh) is much more acceptable for what it aims to be: a pep song with the kind of humor the average soldier might enjoy.

The White Cliffs of Dover is currently on top of all the lists, with Glenn Miller making the latest and best recording (Bluebird). A lump-in-the-throat song if there ever was one, and sprung not from British soil but from Tin Pan Alley.

As an antidote to super-sentimentality and loud-mouth patriotism, there are some strictly American blues. Consider Sister Rosetta Tharpe, who is reported to be one of Father Divine's "angels" and has, in any case, always been a religious blues singer. Her recording of *Just a Closer Walk with Thee* (Decca) is a good example of the warm, vibrant, spiritual quality of her voice. More on the "Georgia scraunch" style are Joe Turner's *Goin' to Chicago Blues* (Decca), Doc Wheeler's *Big and Fat and Forty-Four* (Bluebird), Doctor Clayton's *Gotta Find My Baby* (Bluebird) and Lucky Millinder's *Let Me Off Uptown* (Decca). Not quite a blues, but a good-humored commentary on the times is "Fats" Waller's recording of his brainstorm, *Cash for Your Trash* (Bluebird). And there's "Hot Lips" Page singing *Take Your Shoes Off, Baby (And Start Runnin' Through My Mind)* with Artie Shaw's orchestra, in fine humorous style, braked down just enough by Shaw (Victor).

Among the new good tunes, well done in the popular manner, are *I Don't Want to Walk Without You*, beautifully sung by Dinah Shore (Bluebird); *Chattanooga Choo Choo* by Claude Thornhill's orchestra (Columbia); *Somebody Nobody Loves* by Ella Fitzgerald (Decca); Harry James's version of *Wait Till the Sun Shines, Nellie* (Columbia). Typical of the limp tunes that have their brief being are *Popocatepetl* (Freddie Martin, Bluebird); *I Said No* by Jimmy Dorsey (Decca); *Someone's Rocking My Dream Boat* by Shep Fields (Bluebird); *The Boy with the Wistful Eyes* sung by Carol Bruce (Columbia); *We're the Couple in the Castle* by Sammy Kaye (Victor).

An album that is really an album in the family-keepsake sense is *A Souvenir Program* by Paul Whiteman (Victor). Half-forgotten musical memories—that Bing Crosby in his Whiteman days now and then had a Ted Lewis inflection, as in *From Monday On*; the little "chuh" punctuation of the Original Whiteman Rhythm Boys in *That's Grandma*; the good old tunes *Back in Your Own Backyard* and *When You're with Somebody Else*; the sweet-child approach in love songs of the 20's—*Lovable* and *I'm Afraid of You*; the then shocking expression "to pet," which found its way into the song *My Pet*. In nearly all of these records the cornet of the great "Bix" Beiderbecke can be heard—but usually in the background, while the sawing fiddles took the spotlight. This Whiteman, "King of Jazz," took a symphonic approach to a subject he little understood. His band was full of fine jazz players, but he was probably one of the first leaders to teach his men the tragic meaning of the expression "going commercial." This album, for all its nostalgic quality, makes clear how the "King of Jazz" helped kill it.

C. J. BALLIETT, JR.

SIGRID UNDSET'S

*thrilling story of her escape from
Norway's Nazi invaders, through
Sweden, Russia and Japan
to freedom in America*

RETURN TO THE FUTURE

GEORGE N. SHUSTER, *New York Herald Tribune 'Books'*:

"This is a book inspired by Norway and written by its most distinguished woman, but I have read nothing of late which seems to me so well worth an American's time."

MILOS SAFRANEK, *New York Times Book Review*:

"Here a great drama is conveyed to us by a master hand. . . . It would be hard to find in contemporary literature a finer or more forceful bit of writing than this description of the Spring in Norway."

At All Bookstores • \$2.50

ALFRED • A • KNOPF • NEW YORK

FOR WINTER READING

Books of all publishers sent promptly at list price, postage free, on all orders accompanied by remittance. New York City residents please add 1% for sales tax.

THE COMMONWEAL

386 Fourth Ave.

New York, N. Y.

CANTERBURY SCHOOL

A Leading New England Preparatory School
Conducted by Catholic Laymen

The Most Reverend Bishop of Hartford, Patron. Six Years' Course.
College Board Examination. Complete Modern Equipment.
Twenty-seventh year. Eighty miles from New York.

Address: Nelson Hume, Ph.D., Headmaster

NEW MILFORD

CONNECTICUT

THE COMMONWEAL'S College and School advertisements include leading establishments in these important fields of Catholic adult and child training. Your needs should be available among advertisers in these pages. Write to the advertisers direct. If you need further help we will be glad to assist you upon your written request.

The Inner Forum

Creighton Rural Life Institute

ELKHORN, Nebraska, fifteen miles west of Omaha, is the site of Creighton University's Rural Life Institute which opens this month. Director of the Institute is Rev. John C. Rawe, S.J., of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, co-author with Monsignor Ligutti of "Rural Roads to Security." The assisting staff of instructors all have had practical experience in their respective subjects.

"Stewardship Farming" is a twelve-months course. On its philosophical side it is built around the Rural Family and the Rural Way of Life; this aspect of the course includes reading, recreation, saving the home and social reconstruction. Soil Biology—Soils and Micro-Biology is taught primarily from a biodynamic point of view. It embodies physics, chemistry, making humus, soil renewal, diversification, selection and planting of seeds, plant ecology, beekeeping.

Stability-Permanent Farms is a division of the course dealing with the bad effects of single-crop cultivation, the causes of erosion, the family garden (fruits, vegetables, herbs, flowers, the greenhouse), the family as a social and economic unit, soil stewardship and social responsibility. Other subjects comprise bookkeeping, production for the family, farm machinery, the shop, home management, processing and storing, farm mathematics, and animal husbandry.

The scene of all this instruction is the 220-acre Omar Research Farm. Of this 150 acres is to be used for diversified crops with 50 acres as permanent pasture. Livestock will include 40 to 60 Guernsey cows, 40 swine and 1,000 White Rock chickens. There are housing facilities for 12 boys and any over 17 with elementary, high school or college education are eligible to apply. Only \$100 is required of those who are awarded scholarships there; those who pay their way need \$300 additional for expenses.

Father Rawe is quoted in the *Omaha Evening World-Herald* to this effect: "We propose to teach farm boys how to operate a self-supporting home on a small farm. Particular stress will be placed on diversified farming and conservation of the soil through intelligent soil nourishment." The project serves as a laboratory for the National Catholic Rural Life Conference.

CONTRIBUTORS

Clarence FINLAYSON is a Chilean, at present teaching at Notre Dame University.

Ross L. HOLMAN is a middle west writer on farm matters.

Mary EAKIN is a Pennsylvania poet.

Max FISCHER is a globe trotter and journalist now living in New York.

J. K. PAULDING is a member of the New York State Board of Review.

E. V. R. WYATT is drama critic for the *Catholic World*.

William M. CALLAHAN is on the staff of the *Chicago New World*.

Margaret STERN is working for the relief of aliens in distress.

D. H. MOSELEY is a biographer and a writer for Catholic magazines, at present living in New Jersey.

BUYERS DIRECTORY

★ A classified alphabetical listing of approved sources of supply . . . products, services, etc. . . . for the individual . . . the Home . . . the Institution. Rate for your message: 35c per type line (3 lines minimum). Three-line ad 95c on 13-time orders.

BOOKS

★ Books: Used, Old, Rare.
For Librarians, Collectors, Readers.
Huge Stock. Reasonably Priced.
Catalogs free. Browsers Invited.
Want Lists Solicited. Libraries Purchased.
DAUBER & PINE, 66 5th Ave., New York
★ The THOMAS MORE BOOKSHOP, 22 W. Monroe St., Chicago. A "not for profit" Catholic Action project. Gives superior service on book orders. *Send for free list.*

★ OUT-OF-PRINT AND HARD-TO-FIND books searched for and quickly supplied at low prices. No charge or obligation for service. All subjects and in all languages. Genealogies, family and town histories. First editions supplied. Incomplete sets completed. Magazine back numbers supplied. AMERICAN LIBRARY SERVICE, Dept. 386, 117 West 48th Street, New York, N. Y.

★ Books: Second-hand, out-of-print, rare, new. *Write for current catalogues.* Philosophy, Theology, History, Education, Catholic Authors, Miscellaneous. Cosmopolitan Science and Art Service, 638 Lexington Ave. (PL. 3-8007), New York, N. Y.

FLOORING

★ CUSTOM-BUILT FLOORS for Churches, Schools, Auditoriums. Whatever your choice . . . Tiles . . . Rubber . . . Hardwood . . . ESSEX FLOOR COVERING CO., 100 W. 42nd St., WI. 7-5474, N. Y.

HOTEL

★ COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL

Boston, Mass.
2 minutes from Back Bay R.R. Station

IRISH BOOKS AND GIFTS

★ Books, Belleek China, Linens, etc. Catalogs.
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, Inc.
780 Lexington Ave. (at 60th St.) New York

LADIES APPAREL

★ WHY PAY FOR SNOOTY LABELS, since Miss Goodman sells the same lovely dresses and coats (mostly original models) way below market? 474 Seventh Avenue (36th Street), LACKAWANNA 4-4013, New York City.

LANGUAGES

★ Speak . . . read *Japanese*, Chinese, Spanish, Russian . . . quickly, easily, correctly. The Linguaphone Method enables you to speak any of 29 languages—by *listening* to voices of native teachers in your own home. Amazingly simple, thorough, sound; no smattering. *Send for free book.* LINGUAPHONE INSTITUTE, R. C. A. Bldg., Circle 7-0830, New York City.

★ Bargain phonograph courses. All makes. Mail orders. Booklet. *Language Service*, 18 E. 41st St., New York City.

★ FRENCH BOOK COMPANY, 556 Madison Avenue. New York's only French Bookshop where French Books are sold exclusively. Mail order catalog, 20c.

LITERARY AGENT

★ *Sales—Revision—Sales* to book and magazine publishers. 15 years with Houghton, Mifflin and Atlantic Monthly. Mary Walsh, 6 Park St., Boston, Mass.

OFFICE TO RENT

★ Large private office to sublet, furnished, telephone service. With publishing firm, in New York publishing district, 4th Ave. at 27th St. Reasonable monthly rental. Box 142A, THE COMMONWEAL.

PERIODICAL

★ THINKERS DIGEST: Concentrated spiritual reading. November, January, March, May. \$1.25 yearly in advance. Sample 35c. Dallas, Pennsylvania.

PRESS CLIPPINGS WANTED

★ Readers of THE COMMONWEAL will perform a kindness that will contribute to the information of the editors, and help in promotion work, if they will mail in all clippings from other publications referring to THE COMMONWEAL that they come upon.—*The Editors.*

SCHOOL INFORMATION

★ *School and College Advisory Center.* Official information, catalogs, free. 522 Fifth Ave. MU. 2-8840.

SHOES

★ SHOES. "Wright Arch-Preserver Shoes" for men, boys, too. *A man's store.* Many of the clergy are our steady customers—we welcome your patronage. 117 Church St., corner Murray St., New York, N. Y.

TAILOR

★ TAILOR. Your Clerical Tailor. H. De Mattei, 53 Park Place, Room 801, New York, N. Y. (Formerly with John F. McEvoy, Inc.) Clerical Robes, Cassocks, Monsignori Outfits, Sisters' Cloaks and Mantles.